STAR WARS
REBELLION

“THE CONFESSION OF BOMA KURO, 327”

by

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE – ABOVE UTAPAU

Utapau is an orange world from orbit, its surface craggy and uneven, with a few dark rivers and only one major body of water near its topmost pole.

BOMA KURO (V.O.)
If you want to know what happened, you will listen to how I tell it. I will give my father that much honor, at least.

EXT. UTAPAU SURFACE - OUTSIDE THE CITY OF SARCO - MORNING

The Imperial colony of Sarco is situated near a wide riverbed, its water at low tide. Reeds and scrub brush are the only vegetation on this desolate planet.

The city itself is high-walled and divided into quarters: Riverside, the Governor's Quarter, the Marketplace, and the Spaceport. The city walls are marked with the Empire's insignias and defended by turreted gun towers. Imperial troopers walk along the walls, keeping a watch for any sign of nomad war parties. The city is covered in a smoky haze.

The Governor's Quarter is the most industrial section of Sarco. Its wide courtyards are full of cargo haulers and factory warehouses. Multiple pathways lead to the giant, belching smoke stacks of a Hyperbaride Plant.

BOMA KURO (V.O. - CONT'D)
Sarco in the morning is a smoky affair, with the Hyperbaride Plant and the nomads outside the city in an uneasy peace, their reed fires everywhere.

Outside the city are numerous nomad camps. The nomads, the Moaway, are near-humans, wiry and mostly naked, shoulder straps hanging with feathers and animal skins. Nearly all of them carry spears or long, curved knives. A few carry blasters, but awkwardly. The Moaway encampments are tents made from Eopie hides, the same camel-like animals the nomads use for transportation, milk, and meat. The nomads wash themselves in the river, roughhouse on the banks, yell obscenities at the Imperials on the city walls, and cook their meals on large, reed-fed bonfires.

EXT. SARCO - MARKETPLACE - MORNING

The Marketplace is a wide bazaar, filled with cafes, merchant stands, and a line of specialty shops. Most of the tradesmen shops are the bottom levels of tiered apartment buildings. Many of the people that move through this section are colonists, though Imperial Officials and stormtroopers can be seen among them. Even a few Moaway are bargaining with merchants, meat and hides for baubles and glow rods, but these nomads are dressed up for it, and it is obvious that they are wary around the Imperials.

One of the Moaway looks up at the smoke of the faraway Hyperbaride Plant and spits into his hand, holding it up towards the smoke and muttering a curse.

PAN to the Kuro Woodshop, a tall but humble shop near the city walls. Its top apartment has windows that look over the walls and towards the reddish badlands to the east.

BOMA KURO (V.O. - CONT'D)
From my apartment I can see past the walls into the black cloud of their presence. Behind all that smoke are the indistinct yurts and horned-skull posts of the Moaway nomads, meant to ward off the indecencies of the city.

INT. KURO WOODSHOP - TOP APARTMENT - MORNING

BOMA KURO, a melancholy youth, well-bred but with the body of a factory worker, looks outside his apartment window to the city walls and the nomad camps beyond. His breath shows in the morning chill.

Three Maoway braves on Eopies come out from the plains and yell at the Imperial Troopers that patrol the guard towers.

BOMA KURO (V.O. - CONT'D)
Three Maoway braves materialize to mock the Imperial soldiers stationed on the wall. They sit their Eopies, naked despite the cold, and one holds up a swamp wampa pelt. It is an obvious and captured magic to them, shaken for effect. When an Imperial soldier stares too long, the braves laugh and stamp away, their good deed done and over.

The nomads kick their Eopies and vanish, the brave with the swamp wampa pelt waving it above them. The Imperial Trooper shakes his head and moves on.

BOMA KURO (V.O. - CONT'D)
I will never understand the children of Moawa. I will never come to love this world, Utapau. Sarco, its only city, is a filthy fate, though my father, son of a Dathomir woodcutter, does not share my discomfort.

Boma Kuro makes his way to a stairwell and descends into a windowed kitchen.

His father, LEB KURO, a large, quiet man, looks over a reed flute while he enjoys his meager breakfast: hot tea and a scone.

BOMA KURO (V.O. - CONT'D)
At least, he says, we were not sent to a colonial farm near the true roam of the nomads, and we are making real money.

Boma takes a seat at the table.

BOMA KURO (CONT'D)
(subtitled)
Good morning, Father. Chilly again.

LEB KURO
Quit moping, Boma. Go to work. And speak in Basic, even in this house.

Boma sighs and takes a bite of his own scone. He looks around at their apartment.

BOMA KURO (V.O.)
Our accommodations are not bad, this much is true, and from the topmost windows we can almost forget the squalor below. Fortune and weight of name afforded us this high-angled view.

Boma gets up and takes his factory uniform off a beautiful wooden coat rack. He stares into the city again. He zips himself in the uniform, his name and number on the breast in Aurabesh, and an Imperial insignia on the back.

BOMA KURO (V.O.- CONT'D)
It is good that our gifts, a set of lacquered end tables and a carven stand for books, reached the Regional Governor before we did. Only by his leave did we escape an exile near Riverside, where even the noblemen smell like fish.

Boma puts his work belt on and starts for another stairwell. Leb Kuro looks at his son and frowns.

LEB KURO
(subtitled)
Times have been better, but we are not women.

BOMA KURO
I don't even know what that means.
(pointing out a window)
You sent me to the University, for this?

LEB KURO
You work your way up in this Empire, Boma. I work hard to get us to this colony. You work hard at the factory, maybe the Governor send you to Coruscant, or Alderaan, or Chandrila. Somewhere like that.

Boma manages a smile for his father and exits.

BOMA KURO (V.O.)
I tell you all of this because I want you to know how my father felt about the Empire. And, because of my father, despite my restlessness and moaning, I feel the same way.

EXT. SARCO - GOVERNOR'S QUARTER - HYPERBARIDE PLANT - DAY

Boma hefts energy cells into a cargo hauler. Behind him a throng of workers are moving into the main hold of the Hyperbaride Plant. Another human colonist is helping Boma, and soon the cargo hauler is loaded. They jump on the back of it as it rises on a repulsor field and moves toward the Spaceport.

Boma watches the Imperial Officials eating on the outside deck of the Plant Commissary. He watches the *Lambda*-class Imperial Shuttles drop down from the sky to the Spaceport. He watches a Maoway nomad child throw something at a stormtrooper and then run down a steaming alleyway, where other nomad kids wait laughing.

BOMA KURO (V.O.- CONT'D)
The Regional Governor tolerates the nomads, but not only because he fears them. I have heard that he fancies himself a hunter, and has been seen traveling with their war parties out in the badlands beyond the scrub plains. Protected, of course, but there with the Maoway, hunting after wampas or imported siringana. The Governor admires something about the nomads. Perhaps he admires them because that they hate him so much.

EXT. SARCO - SPACEPORT - DAY

Boma begins to unload the energy cells into the repulsor crates standing near the Imperial Shuttle loading ramps. He stops when he sees the Regional Governor near a hangar bay. The Governor sees him, too, and waves.

BOMA KURO (V.O.- CONT'D)
I can tell the Governor likes me and my father. He is one of the few Imperials that actually visits our woodshop in the market. He buys the most expensive things we have for sale. The rest of the Imperials prefer their modular, prefabricated furnishings, interiors that defy anything associated with art or nature. Understand, that is not meant to be a disparaging remark.

Boma stands still when he sees what is in the hangar behind the Governor: a crowd of Moaway, huddled behind a pylon-cornered force field. Most of them look like they are starving to death.

Suddenly one of the nomads spots the Governor and rushes the force field, SCREAMING as he passes through it, falling to the ground, his skin on fire. Nevertheless, the Maoway gets up and runs for the Governor again. An Imperial Trooper opens fire on the nomad, killing him with a shot in the back.

BOMA KURO (V.O.- CONT'D)
One time the Governor offered me a place in his Army, but Father insisted that I aim higher. Seeing that life now, I am glad he had his way.

The SARCO CARGO CAPTAIN comes up to Boma and shoves him.

SARCO CARGO CAPTAIN
327, you got a Shuttle to load. Watch your schedule, not the natives.

BOMA KURO (V.O.)
Still, I ask myself, how can I reach the Governor if I do not join his Army?

EXT. SARCO - MARKET PLACE - LATE AFTERNOON

Boma buys a loaf of bread from a merchant stand and moves past a café. In the distance is his father's woodshop.

BOMA KURO (V.O. - CONT'D)
At first, I am just happy to see some new faces.

Sitting at a café table are Bre, in civilian garb, and Hulda Caulp. They take no notice of Boma.

BOMA KURO (V.O. - CONT'D)
I think that they are recently arrived colonists. Maybe freighter contractors or some other kind of specialists called for by the Governor.

Skatuhl passes in front of Boma, HISSING at him when he gets too close. She goes over to meet some stormtroopers waiting by a quaint, cobbled courtyard.

Destri, in an Imperial uniform, waits there, beside a fountain. She is speaking into a comlink and motioning to some people on the other side of the marketplace.

Boma looks over and sees some more Imperial Troopers coming Destri's way.

BOMA KURO (V.O. - CONT'D)
Or perhaps even reinforcements for some attack on the nomads that I am unaware of.

Boma takes another look at Bre, now far behind him. She sees him and smiles. He smiles back, almost blushing. Hulda is speaking into his wrist controls. Boma bumps into Endigo, who's wearing a large gray cloak with the hood up.

ENDIGO
Sorry, kid.
(letting Boma pass)
Hulda, Mede will be in orbit in ten hours. We move at daybreak.

Boma nods his own apology and moves on.

INT. KURO WOODSHOP - SHOP LEVEL - LATE AFTERNOON

Leb Kuro is closing down for the day. Boma goes to sit on the counter. He notices a Moaway blade beside him, curved and jagged-edged, its pommel wrapped in Eopie hide and river jewels.

BOMA KURO
(subtitled)
What is this?

LEB KURO
It is knife from the Moaway. All they had.

BOMA KURO
(subtitled)
We don’t need to trade with them, Father.

Boma sighs and gets off the counter. He starts for the stairwell.

BOMA KURO (CONT’D)
(subtitled)
I’m going to bed. Did you see the new people?

LEB KURO
Basic. And yes. I told you this colony, it is going to grow.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HYPERBARIDE PLANT - DAY

Boma pushes a cart along the factory floor. He passes Bre in a worker’s outfit. She smiles at him again.

BRE
(whispering)
Hiya. Keep your head down.

Boma stops and watches her move away towards Hulda, who is also in a worker's uniform. Hulda speaks into his wrist controls again and then something near the back of the factory EXPLODES.

Boma ducks down behind the cart as blaster bolts start flying. Bre and Hulda are firing on Imperial Troopers on the second level platforms. The plant workers panic and start running.

Destri rushes in with stormtroopers behind her. Boma waves to get her attention. He points at Bre and Hulda.

BOMA KURO
They did it!

Destri's stormtroopers open fire on the Imperial Troopers as well. Boma becomes really confused. He looks over the top of his cart and sees more stormtroopers arriving from the turbolift elevators. Those start firing on Destri's stormtroopers.

Another EXPLOSION rocks the factory. Endigo enters, waving his arms for everyone to run. Skatuhl is behind him, laying down cover fire.

ENDIGO
No good! Fall back!

DESTRI
What happened?

ENDIGO
What else? Madine's briefing lacked a few details.

Destri and her stormtroopers start to retreat. Hulda picks off another Imperial Trooper and follows them. Bre looks over to Boma and motions for him to run. He shakes his head vehemently. Then she points up and behind him. An Imperial Trooper has a blaster rifle aimed at him, thinking he is another Rebel in a plant worker uniform.

A blast ERUPTS near Boma's head, hitting the cart. Bre fires on that Imperial Trooper, giving Boma a chance to scramble out of the factory.

EXT. SARCO - MARKETPLACE - DAY

Mass hysteria has taken over the marketplace. Imperials are firing on each other through the crowd. Boma heads straight for his father's woodshop.

He sees Endigo and Bre running down another side of the street, dodging blaster bolts. Destri and her stormtroopers try to cover them but are suddenly fired on by Imperial Troopers on the city walls.

Boma passes by Skatuhl as she lifts a handheld proton grenade launcher. One of the guard towers EXPLODES.

DESTRI
(into a comlink)
Hulda! Sitrep right now!

HULDA CAULP (V.O.)
Pinned down in Riverside, but I think we can make it to the pickup. Lost Bre and Shen in the shuffle.

DESTRI
(to her squad)
We're done for the day, people. Go.

Boma's father opens the door just as he nears it. Boma rushes inside.

INT./EXT. KURO WOODSHOP - SHOP LEVEL - DAY

Leb and Boma Kuro are terrified. They watch the battle outside through the windows.

BOMA KURO (V.O.)
I come to the part that is hard to explain. I do not believe in the Moaway magic. I think I have already said that.

Outside, Bre and Endigo are surrounded by stormtroopers. They fall back, hiding behind the overhang supports of the Kuros' woodshop. Blaster fire from both flanks has them trapped. Endigo sees Leb Kuro looking outside of the window.

ENDIGO
Let us in!

BOMA KURO
(subtitled)
No, Father!

LEB KURO
(to Endigo)
Not here! You go!

A stormtrooper fires a blaster bolt that rips a hole in the door. Boma ducks, pulling on his father's sleeve.

BOMA KURO
(subtitled)
Move away from the window, Father!

ENDIGO
(calmly)
You will let us in.

BOMA KURO (V.O.)
I feel it, too, a sensation right here, that place just under your name. I cannot explain it. My father opens the door.

Leb Kuro lets Bre and Endigo inside. Glass SHATTERS from more blaster fire. Bre takes a few shots outside through the broken windows. Leb Kuro regains his senses and pushes his son back behind a workbench. He raises his hands toward Endigo.

LEB KURO
You go! This is my son! You go!

ENDIGO
You will show us another way out.

LEB KURO
I show you another way out.

Leb Kuro is entranced again, leading Bre and Endigo upstairs. A few seconds later, there is a CRASH of glass. Boma is too afraid to move. The stormtroopers are still firing into the shop.

Boma's father returns and goes over to his son, holding him. They duck behind the workbench together. Suddenly the door is SMASHED inward and stormtrooper boots CRUNCH on the glass. Leb Kuro rises.

LEB KURO
(waving his arms)
They already leave! Please!

Reflexively, a nervous stormtrooper spins over and shoots Leb Kuro through the chest. Then the rest of the squad moves in. Some run up the stairs. Others hold their blaster rifles down at Boma Kuro, who has grabbed his father's leg. He tugs on it, crying, saying something over and over again in a language they can't understand.

BOMA KURO (V.O. - CONT'D)
The Rebellion was a rumor, something that happened on worlds I had never heard about. This was Utapau, and what did it have to do with us?

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE - ABOVE UTAPAU

Two Star Destroyers, the *Atonement* and the *Reckoning*, are firing on each other above the planet. Their TIEs are fighting between them.

BOMA KURO (V.O. - CONT'D)
To me, it seemed that there was a civil war going on within the Empire. But I didn't care about that at the time.

INT. KURO WOODSHOP - DAY

The stormtroopers are gone. Boma, still in tears, grabs the Moaway knife and heads out of the ruined doorway.

BOMA KURO (V.O. - CONT'D)
I had simpler matters in mind.

EXT. SARCO - RIVERSIDE - DAY

Colonists make what repairs they can as Imperials gather up the dead. A few Moaway nomads try to steal weapons, helmets, or credits from the bodies of the fallen before they are spotted.

BOMA KURO (V.O. - CONT'D)
I heard one of them mention Riverside. I do not see any prisoners, so I figure they have escaped. The only thing left to do is to talk to the Moaway encamped outside the city. I know they will hate my Hyperbaride Plant uniform, so I bring the requisite compensation.

EXT. MOAWAY CAMP (BONESHAVER TRIBE) - DAY

A nomad guides a reed-bound skiff across the river to the western bank. Boma tries to keep his balance and his courage. A Moaway brave spots him immediately and shouts something unintelligible, shaking a spear. The brave runs to get more nomads from the camp.

BOMA KURO (V.O. - CONT'D)
These are the Boneshavers, the river tribe of the Moaway. Unlike their badland cousins, the Red Teats (who are also their blood rivals), they rely more on fish and dia noga than the Eopies. For Moaway, they are also the most agreeable to the colonists.

As soon as he steps ashore a Boneshaver brave shoves Boma to the ground and starts pounding his head. Boma does not attempt to fight back or resist at all. More braves arrive and throw rocks at the youth or spit in their hands.

BOMA KURO (V.O. - CONT'D)
This is all part of the ceremony. They knew the moment I stepped onto the riverbank that I had a bag of money for them. When they are finished cleansing me of the wickedness of civilization, they will take me to their Tribe-Mother. I can last that long.

The braves continue to beat on Boma, one taking his knife and stabbing it into the ground beside his head just before another stomps down on his face.

INT. TRIBE-MOTHER YURT - DAY

Boma sits cross-legged in front of the TRIBE-MOTHER, an elderly, hide-covered Moaway, her hair braided with bones and sticks, her eyes milky white. She holds her side as if a pain were bothering her. Another MOAWAY ELDER sits close by, to serve as a translator. Boma is scuffed up, and dried blood is caked on his head. The Tribe-Mother offers him a drink from a wooden bowl. He politely refuses. A nomad brave comes inside the yurt and throws Boma's knife into his lap.

BOMA KURO (V.O. - CONT'D)
Evidently, I do not bring enough to trade with. They need more from me before they will show me the pickup point of the traitors.

The Moaway Elder points to the Tribe-Mother's side.

BOMA KURO (V.O. - CONT'D)
He tells me that the Tribe-Mother has picked up a spirit in her sleep. Something red and feathered, he says, something that bites. She wants to get rid of it, but doesn't want it to go to waste. He tells me if I take it from her, they will show me the place I want to find. I agree.

The Moaway Elder starts to CHANT. The Tribe-Mother opens a place in her hides, exposing skin stretched taut over her ribs. She grabs the bowl of water and holds it there. The Moaway Elder reaches over and closes his fist around the air next to her ribs. He pulls his fist back slowly, as if he is pulling something invisible out of her body. The Tribe-Mother moans with pain. Boma watches, somewhat fascinated, somewhat in a hurry to get this over with. He jumps a little when the Moaway Elder opens his hand and something splashes into the water. The Tribe-Mother pushes it over to Boma. There seems to be nothing in the bowl but water, but the nomads look at him in all seriousness and motion for him to drink. He does.

EXT. UTAPAU BADLANDS - DAY

Boma is running across the badlands, trying to keep up with a nomad brave on an Eopie. They come close to a rise, and the Moaway gets off his mount. Together, he and Boma crawl to hide behind a ridge of scrub brush.

Below them, in a shadowed valley, is an encampment of the Red Teat tribe. Mingling with the nomads are the "Imperial" forces of Captain Destri. Boma spots Bre and Endigo in front of one of the yurts conferring with Destri, Hulda, Efdee, the Jix Brothers, and Skatuhl.

The Boneshaver brave grunts something to Boma and then smacks the back of his neck. The nomad then spits into his hand, points his palm to the Red Teats, curses, and then runs back to his Eopie. Boma is alone. He pulls out his Moaway knife, but then flinches from a pain in his side.

BOMA KURO (V.O. - CONT'D)
The Boneshaver medicine man poisoned me. I had studied comparative religion at the University. I know this is something called sympathetic magic-- my death will be a metaphor for the death of the Empire, or perhaps the human colonists in general. More than a metaphor, my professor would have said. It will be a guarantee. Seeing the traitors below, I am just glad the Moaway gave me something that takes a while to work.

EXT. MOAWAY CAMP (RED TEAT TRIBE) - DAY

Boma walks through the camp, trying to avoid the crew of the *Atonement*, but striding through the nomads freely.

BOMA KURO (V.O. - CONT'D)
The Red Teats take no notice of me. I am just another traitor in an Imperial worker's uniform. I look for the cyborg.

Boma tries to avert his face when two stormtroopers walk by and look out towards the valley ridge.

ATONEMENT STORMTROOPER ONE
What's taking the transports so long?

ATONEMENT STORMTROOPER TWO
Endigo is trying to convince the Admiral that we can still take the plant.

Boma closes in on the yurt where Endigo and Bre are discussing the operation. He swallows, nervously. He looks around at how many enemies are between him and Endigo.

BOMA KURO (V.O.)
This is when I should strike. He is not covered everywhere in metal. Fast enough so he cannot slip beneath my mind and make me change it. I am right here and I cannot do it. It is becoming an event, something gathering momentum. My cowardice is making me a spectator.

ENDIGO
(into his transceiver ear)
Mede, we have a shot at this.

MEDE (V.O.)
Your argument needs some work, Mr. Endigo. Think on it while in transit. Our fighters are clearing a flight corridor for the transports. Expect them in ten. Mede out.

DESTRI
(into her own comlink)
We read you, Admiral.
(to Endigo)
Give it up, Shen.

BOMA KURO (V.O.)
I see my father dead and know this is why I am here. At the same time, I know everything that transpired did so indirectly. The cyborg should die anyway. This is everything I want. Even remembering the red biter in my side, I cannot move. So the Regional Governor, he decides for me.

Efdee WHISTLES. Destri's comlink TRILLS.

ATONEMENT STORMTROOPER ONE (V.O.)
Enemy forces in range, Captain. They have artillery.

Destri looks to Skatuhl and the Jix Brothers, who are already pulling out their proton grenade launchers and massive laser cannons.

SKATUHL
No problem, slek Tet.
(to the Jix Brothers)
Slaaka slaaka.

Skatuhl and the Whiphids move as blaster fire ERUPTS on the outskirts of the encampment. Moaway WAR CRIES ring throughout the valley as the nomads rush by on Eopies.

BRE
Hey, boka mokta choot <u>already</u>.

Two-Tau emerges from the yurt, stomping into the battle, handcannons spinning into place.

TWO-TAU
Boka mokta choot!

The EXPLOSIONS start. Endigo, Bre, Hulda, and Destri break apart, issuing commands to other Rebels. Then Bre sees Boma. He sprints forward, pulling out his knife.

BRE
Shen!

Boma tackles her to the ground, holding the jagged edge of the knife to her throat, pinning her blaster arm with his knee. Destri and Hulda pull out their own blasters and hold them on Boma. Endigo is calm.

Boma is crying, yelling at Endigo in his native Dathomir while struggling to keep Bre on the ground. Bre's neck grazes the Moaway knife and blood is drawn.

HULDA CAULP
Chori! Hold still!

DESTRI
Fix this, Shen.

Endigo approaches Boma, IGNITING his lightsaber.

ENDIGO
One second.

BRE
No!
(to Boma)
I remember you! We're sorry!

Boma leans down, yelling into her face. The blade cuts deeper. Boma's eyes are crazed enough that Bre starts screaming.

Endigo pulls the Moaway knife from Boma with the Force and catches it.

Boma looks up just in time to see Endigo's boot.

BLACK OUT.

EXPLOSIONS and WAR CRIES.

HULDA CAULP (V.O.)
You all right, sweetie?

BRE (V.O.)
Yeah. Shen--

ENDIGO (V.O.)
Woodshop, I know. Let’s go.

DESTRI (V.O.)
(fading away)
Transports just hit the atmosphere, people. Cover and retreat.

BRE (V.O.)
We can’t leave him here. Something bad happened, see.

ENDIGO (V.O.)
He made that pretty obvious. Let’s go.

STARSHIP ENGINES are heard approaching over the sounds of the battle.

BRE (V.O.)
No.

Beat.

ENDIGO (V.O.)
Fine.
(huffing)
Give me a hand, Hulda. Compassion here weighs a ton.

INT. YT-2100 FREIGHTER - CARGO HOLD - SPACE

Boma is strapped to the wall of the Cargo Hold. He looks around in a daze. Rebels of the Sarco Operation pass him by, moving to combat positions. Boma, straining his neck, manages to look outside the cockpit viewport. The Star Destroyer *Atonement*, still locked into combat with the *Reckoning*, is closing.

Some of the *Atonement*’s hyperspace-capable fighters (X-Wings, Y-Wings, Z-95 Headhunters) move to lightspeed, leaving the battle. An enemy TIE Fighter gets in the way of the freighter, but an unseen gunner somewhere in the YT-2100 picks it off. After the fiery debris of the explosion clears, the *Atonement*’s hangar bay is in view.

BOMA KURO (V.O.)
When I see the Star Destroyers, I realize the extent of this civil war. My father's Empire is crumbling apart.

Destri comes over the freighter's loudspeakers.

DESTRI (V.O.)
All personnel: prepare for a jump into hyperspace. Admiral, you can move out. We've got your destination coordinates.

When the freighter starts to SHUDDER, its hyperdrive warming up, Boma blanks out again.

INT. STAR DESTROYER *ATONEMENT* - DETENTION CELL

He awakes shivering on the cold, black-matte metal slab of a detention cell. His hand strays to his forehead, where Endigo kicked him. A large welt has grown there, black and bloody, along with all the other beatings Boma's skull has taken in the last day or so.

The detention cell's blast doors SWISH open. Endigo appears.

ENDIGO
Wake up, kid. The Admiral wants to talk to you.

BOMA KURO
(subtitled)
The successes of the rash are none of them rewarded.

ENDIGO
Spooky. Now follow me.

BOMA KURO
(subtitled)
I won't fail next time.

ENDIGO
(slowly)
Follow me.

BOMA KURO (V.O. - CONT'D)
I cannot resist. I blame it on all the wounds I have suffered.

Boma calmly follows Endigo out of the cell.

INT. STAR DESTROYER *ATONEMENT* - ADMIRAL'S QUARTERS

Two Rebel Officers lead Boma into Mede's quarters. The Admiral is at his desk. Destri is behind him, standing. Boma, out of Endigo's influence, tries to look defiant. He looks around the room, to the shelves, the red drapes, the trophies and souvenirs of Mede's career.

MEDE
Hello. My name is Admiral Titus Mede, formerly of the Imperial Navy. This is my ship, the ISD *Atonement*. Please take a seat.

BOMA KURO (V.O.)
Every word confirms my suspicions. Soon, he will be trying to validate his insurrection. For the Governor's sake, I want to hear what he has to say. To hear how many traitors there are. You work your way up in this Empire. Something, however, will not let me.

BOMA KURO (CONT'D)
(subtitled)
May a thousand devils take you.

BOMA KURO (V.O. - CONT'D)
It is a nomad curse, shouted to the walls every morning at Sarco. It is the best I can muster.

Mede sits back and frowns. He replies in Dathomir.

MEDE
(subtitled)
Is it somehow romantic for you to swear at me in your own tongue? Unbecoming behavior, I would say, especially for a University man.

Boma turns to look at everyone, perhaps to see if they understand. He glances at Endigo.

MEDE (CONT'D)
Boma Kuro, cargo loader 327, employee of the Sarco Colony Hyperbaride Plant, Utapau system, the Outer Rim Territories.
(subtitled)
To alleviate your grief, I must know what caused it.

BOMA KURO
The war you brought to my house.

MEDE
I am part of an uprising against the New Order, Mr. Kuro. Our rebellion is small, and getting smaller. We are low on supplies. Literally, we are running out of energy to fight this war. Utapau is one of the solutions.

BOMA KURO
You are traitors.

MEDE
Yes we are. Sometimes, we are worse. In your case, I suspect that we were.

BOMA KURO
Why did you bring me here?

MEDE
As I understand it, it was out of pity, initially. Officer Bre is one of the better hearts aboard my ship, Mr. Kuro. I am not. You are before me now because Utapau is still one of the solutions.

Mede presses a button on his desk, bringing up its two-paneled vidscreen.

BOMA KURO (V.O.)
Thus he tries to justify his crimes.

MEDE (CONT'D)
I have prepared a series of visual aids to persuade you to understand my cause.

Images of Imperial atrocities appear on the desk's vidscreen. Boma, sick of being patronized, rushes the Admiral. Destri lifts her blaster and fires it on stun. The BLUE-WHITE RINGS of energy knock Boma to the floor.

Sighing, Mede gets up and motions for the Rebel Officers to help Boma, still semi-conscious, to his feet.

MEDE (CONT'D)
Let me apologize beforehand, Mr. Kuro. We thought our Sarco operation was foolproof, tactically speaking. It was not. You, however, will help us plan a second raid. You also have my promise that my people shall endeavor to make the procedure as painless as possible.
(to the Rebel Officers)
Take him to interrogation.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE - UNKNOWN SECTOR

The Star Destroyer *Atonement* travels through a field of bright gases somewhere off the galactic map. Her hull is damaged from the fight with the *Reckoning*, but she is running fine.

BOMA KURO (V.O.)
To tell you the truth, I expected worse treatment at their hands. But Admiral Mede kept his word. I do not feel guilty telling this panel that now.

INT. STAR DESTROYER *ATONEMENT* - MED LAB

Boma is strapped to a cushioned table, wearing a breathing regulator mask, drugged, eyes half-closed. A 21-B Medical Droid is next to him watching his vital signs. A black Torture Robot, its mechanical appendages bristling with hypodermic needles, bone saws, and pressure clamps, floats out of the room. A MEDICAL OFFICER is seated on a stool next to Boma, asking him a series of questions. These are MUTED by Boma's Voice-Over. Boma is answering the questions the same way.

(Note: The Torture Robot is the same droid as seen in Leia's interrogation in ANH.)

BOMA KURO (V.O. - CONT'D)
I think they had the torture robot there just to scare me. It's not like they even used it. What I do feel guilty about is being too weak not to betray the Governor and the Empire.

On a nearby wall is a vidscreen which Endigo, Destri, Hulda, and Mede are staring at. One quarter of the vidscreen monitors their prisoner's health. The rest of it is an expanding map of the Hyperbaride Plant, sections that fade in and out or morph into different configurations entirely as the Medical Officer questions Boma. Destri points to a section that finally stabilizes. Endigo nods and says something to the Admiral. Hulda plugs his datapad cord into the vidscreen control panel. Bre leans her back to the wall and watches Boma instead.

INT./EXT. STAR DESTROYER *ATONEMENT* - SUBSECTION EIGHTEEN

Boma, his wounds cleaned up and binders on, is led down a corridor by Rebel Officers. They pass by the briefing room in subsection eighteen. Mede, Destri, Bre, Endigo, Hulda, and various other Rebels are outlining their new raid on Sarco, the Hyperbaride Plant displayed before them by the holoprojector.

Boma and Bre exchange glances. He notices the small scabs along her neck. She smiles shyly at him anyway.

BOMA KURO (V.O. - CONT'D)
If I could, I would spit into my palm and show it to her, using the nomad curse. Even I don't know what it really represents. But she deserves something of the sort. For the look she gives me. All the while using the holo-display of my failure to stage another attack on my people.

ENDIGO
(in mid-explanation)
... assuming reinforcements, of course.
(pointing to other sections)
Otherwise, we set the thermal charges here, here, and here.

MEDE
This time you go in with the transports right behind you, Captain.

DESTRI
Yessir. Hulda, beam the new mission profile to Madine. Everyone else get to your stations. We hit lightspeed in three hours.

INT. STAR DESTROYER *ATONEMENT* - DETENTION CELL

Boma no longer has his binders on. He has his hands over his face, silently crying. He hears voices through the blast door.

BRE (O.S.)
(muffled)
I'll be fine.

REBEL OFFICER (O.S)
(muffled)
And I'll be right outside, Officer Bre.

The blast door SWISHES open and Bre enters. She has changed back into her TDF flight vest and helmet.

Beat. The blast door closes.

Bre cautiously takes a seat next to Boma, her hand on her blaster pistol. They both sit there for a few seconds, not looking at each other.

BRE
My father was killed, too. By the Empire, I mean.
(beat)
Well, kind of.

Boma says nothing. Bre sighs and looks over.

BRE (CONT'D)
I'm assuming here, I mean. It was your father, right?

Beat.

BRE (CONT'D)
Um. I don't really have much time here, but--

BOMA KURO
I don't either.

BRE
What?

BOMA KURO
I'm dying.

BRE
Um, I don't think so, Boma.

BOMA KURO
How would you know? There is a Moaway poison in me.

BRE
A what?

BOMA KURO
See? You would use anyone.

BRE
What are you talking about?

BOMA KURO
The nomads? On Utapau? You were with them and you don't even know their names!

BRE
Oh. Right.
(beat)
So, um, why do you think they poisoned you?

BOMA KURO
I can feel it.

Boma pats his side. Bre doesn't understand.

BOMA KURO (CONT'D)
Shut up!

Beat. Bre starts to get a little nervous.

BRE
Well, Boma, I'm pretty sure the medical droids would've picked up something like that.

BOMA KURO
Perhaps they did and you just don't want to tell me.

BRE
(looking away)
We're not like that. I know that probably sounds dumb or whatever, but it's true. The Admiral plans to let you go after we--

Boma punches Bre across the jaw. She stands up in a daze, trying to remember to pull her blaster out. Boma smashes her face again. She THUDS against the blast door. A second later, it SWISHES open and the Rebel Officer appears in the doorway. Boma BLASTS him with Bre's pistol.

BOMA KURO (V.O.)
I am not afraid to say that I wish I hadn't done it. That is another thing you might want to record.

Boma slumps down, dropping the blaster pistol. He sits there and looks at the bodies. He starts trembling. It is a long while before he can reach over and pull the lifeless Rebel Officer inside the detention cell. He pulls off the Officer's helmet carefully, trying not to look at the open, staring eyes.

Then Boma looks over at Bre.

BOMA KURO (V.O. - CONT'D)
I can't kill her. Maybe if she wasn't unconscious. Maybe if she had the look on her face that she did before.
(beat)
I doubt it, though. Later on, I won't be able to kill her again.

INT. STAR DESTROYER *ATONEMENT* - HANGAR BAY

Dressed in the Rebel Officer's uniform, and holding a large datapad over the scorched opening in its chest, Boma casually checks over some cargo crates in the *Atonement*'s hangar.

The BLUE-WHITE CORRIDOR of hyperspace rotates slowly below the open bay.

The Sarco operatives are loading into X-Wings, TIE Fighters, and two *Gamma*-Class Assault Shuttles. Destri's command team is loading into an ebony YT-2100 Corellian tramp freighter. Endigo isn't present. When Boma realizes this, he starts to panic. He makes for a Y-Wing that no one seems to be watching. Its Artoo unit is already in place. The droid spins its head and BEEPS at him cheerfully and the cockpit viewport opens. Boma gets inside as Admiral Mede's voice comes over the destroyer's loudspeakers.

MEDE (V.O.)
Captain Destri?

DESTRI
(into her comlink)
Ready to say hello to the thick of it, sir.

Boma's Y-Wing engines begin to WHINE. Then he notices Bre enter the hangar, staggering towards Destri.

EXT. SPACE - ABOVE UTAPAU

The *Atonement* falls out of lightspeed, its nose angled down at the *Reckoning*. Its forward turbolaser batteries open fire as a swarm of fighters and transports shoot out of its hangar bay. The *Reckoning* accelerates and tries to loop out of Mede's firing arc.

INT. BOMA'S Y-WING

Boma banks away from the rest of the Rebel forces.

BOMA KURO (V.O.)
I wasn't fast enough. I had three hours. I could have stolen this starfighter and made my way to Utapau without the astromech droid. I know every hyperlane trajectory to this world by heart. I memorized them for the day I would finally be able to leave it behind.

X-WING PILOT ONE (V.O.)
Gold-Two, that's not your attack run.
(beat)
Gold-Two, please respond.

Boma nears the planet's atmosphere when a wing of the *Reckoning*'s TIE Fighters moves to intercept him. They open fire. Boma flips his communications switch.

BOMA KURO
Hold your fire! I am--

X-WING PILOT TWO (V.O.)
Okay, obviously <u>not</u> Gold-Two.

BOMA KURO
--Boma Kuro, Sarco colonist designation 327. Repeat: hold your fire, I am not an en--

SPARKS fly from Boma's cockpit as a TIE Fighter scores a hit. The Artoo unit behind him SCREAMS. Another EXPLOSION causes a

BLACK OUT.

EXT. UTAPAU RIVERBED - AFTERNOON

The nose of Boma's Y-Wing is lodged in the mud of the riverbank. The city of Sarco is nowhere in sight.

INT. BOMA'S Y-WING - COCKPIT - AFTERNOON

Boma tries to push the cockpit viewport open. It won't budge. He turns around and looks for the Artoo unit. It is gone.

A Boneshaver jumps onto the Y-Wing cockpit, HOWLING. Boma ducks when the nomad's club CRACKS the viewport glass. He can hear several other Maoway nearby, shouting WAR CRIES.

EXT. UTAPAU RIVERBED - AFTERNOON

A nomad brave throws Boma to the ground. Another jumps up and down on his back, smacking the youth's legs with a rock-encrusted club. Boma SCREAMS.

Boma covers his head as spearheads stab into the mud all around it. The Boneshavers pound on him relentlessly. Some throw pieces of the Artoo unit on top of him. One takes his blaster and shoots the Y-Wing over and over again.

Then the Moaway Elder speaks and the HOWLING stops.

Boma looks up to see the Moaway Elder pointing at him and shaking his head, saying something in harsh tones.

A Boneshaver brave flips Boma over and takes out a knife. Another one, wearing the Artoo unit's head as a helmet, thrusts a spearhead towards Boma's face repeatedly, laughing. The nomad with the knife cuts the side of Boma's uniform open. The Moaway Elder slides down the riverbed slope and inspects Boma's ribs. He pokes a finger into them, Boma wincing with each touch. Satisfied, the Moaway Elder stands up and yells something triumphantly.

The braves give another WAR CRY, kick mud around, and run off.

The Boneshaver with the Artoo unit head-helmet takes it off and spits into it. Then he places the hollowed out shell on Boma’s face and taps out something on it with his club, CLANG! CLANG! CLANG!

Finally, he drops a Moaway knife on Boma’s chest and leaves.

Beat.

Boma tries to move his legs but can’t. Moaning, he flips himself over and starts to crawl up the mud to the top of the riverbank ridge.

A PAINTED MOAWAY BRAVE on an Eopie appears there. They stare at each other for a second before the Painted Moaway Brave throws him a braided rope of hair. Boma grabs it and is dragged to level ground.

The Painted Moaway Brave gets off his Eopie and squats in front of Boma, slapping the dust with a palm. Boma lifts his hands and averts his eyes.

PAINTED MOAWAY BRAVE
Quit moping, Boma. Go to work.

Boma cannot believe it. The Painted Moaway Brave laughs and helps him to sit up. Boma’s head swims.

BOMA KURO
(subtitled)
Did I... am I..?

PAINTED MOAWAY BRAVE
Basic. And yes.

BOMA KURO
No!

The Painted Moaway Brave cocks his head and moves his face close to Boma’s. He looks from one eye to the other and then laughs again, nodding his head.

PAINTED MOAWAY BRAVE
Times have been better.

BOMA KURO
I’m not done yet! Get away from me!

The Painted Moaway Brave laughs and jumps back onto his Eopie. He points off to the horizon. Boma doesn’t understand. The Painted Moaway Brave motions for him to stand. Boma struggles to his feet. He looks across the river, holding a hand over his eyes.

In the distance, Sarco is burning.

Boma looks to the Painted Moaway Brave. He shoves the Eopie’s head away.

BOMA KURO (CONT’D)
I said get away from me!

The Painted Moaway Brave points back down to the lower riverbank. He points out the knife. Boma nods.

The Painted Moaway Brave kicks his Eopie and starts to trot off. He looks over his shoulder and smiles.

PAINTED MOAWAY BRAVE
Aim higher.

Boma goes back down to retrieve the knife. He puts it in his belt and starts to swim across the river.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. UTAPAU SURFACE - OUTSIDE THE CITY OF SARCO - NIGHT

It is a long walk across the plains to Sarco. The flames are reaching high into the sky. Boma can see a horde of Moaway ransacking the city. The turrets on top of the gun towers are firing on them, explosions too far away to hear.

In the sky, starfighters are engaged in a war of their own. A TIE’s wing breaks off, sending the fighter spinning out of control. After a few long seconds it flies over Boma’s head, the FLAMING RUPTURES along its hull illuminating a fast-fading trail to the city. It EXPLODES some distance behind him.

BOMA KURO (V.O.)
Let it be said that I do not think this was Admiral Mede's plan at all. There were nomad tribes here I had never seen before. The Boneshavers and their cousins were hunting side by side. It was uncomplicated, this blood frenzy, and all the children of Moawa were there to revel in its fire. To the uninitiated, their war cries sounded like just that: the lunatic poetry of crowds and mobs. But the dead hear them right. This isn't any language in the known galaxy. This isn't even a language at all. These are the spontaneous proverbs of something outside of our selves, behind even the stars, the artless signal of the bad half of the divine, and it was right here, right here at Sarco, where all things begin and end.

Boma is almost to the city now. The knife is in his hand.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. UTAPAU SURFACE - OUTSIDE THE CITY OF SARCO - NIGHT

Boma has reached the city gates. They are torn asunder, their metal surfaces burning somehow.

A Moaway raider jumps over the FLAMING wreckage of a landspeeder on a wild-eyed Eopie. He has a female colonist across the saddle before him, SCREAMING. He sees Boma and shakes his spear. Boma walks on.

One of the Imperial Troopers in a guard tower targets Boma with a laser turret, thinking him a nomad, or perhaps the Imperial is just caught up in the madness that has taken over the whole city.

Laser blasts ERUPT before and behind Boma, missing him entirely. He does not flinch, even when the guard tower EXPLODES. Boma walks on.

He walks straight toward a ROARING FLAME atop a small pile of scorched debris. An X-Wing soars down close to the gates, its engines leaving a trailing SONIC BOOM. Perhaps the wind around it makes the smoke and fire die down in front of Boma.

He walks over the extinguished remains of nameless, unidentifiable things and into the ruins of Sarco.

EXT. SARCO - RIVERSIDE - NIGHT

Riverside is all smoke. Blaster bolts fly about and WAR CRIES ring throughout the quarter.

A pack of mounted Moaway bursts out of the smoke, breaking apart as they near Boma, passing him by without notice.

Boma stops and looks around. He can’t seem to remember why he is here. Some smoke clears and he sees a stormtrooper sprawled on the ground with a Red Teat spear in his back. Boma calmly goes over and picks up the stormtrooper’s blaster rifle.

An Imperial Trooper runs toward him.

WHINING HANDCANNON FIRE comes out of the smoke, knocking the trooper back beyond view. Something EXPLODES near Boma and he stumbles to the ground.

Two-Tau ambles forward, firing at unseen enemies, stepping over Boma to disappear back into the smoldering periphery.

Hulda and Bre follow behind the droid, firing behind them. They pass Boma without realizing it.

Boma gets up and follows them.

EXT. SARCO - MARKETPLACE - NIGHT

They are gone when he reaches the marketplace. All the merchant stalls have been overturned. Some have caught fire and light small pockets of the violence. Others are being used as cover by Imperials, real or not. The Imperials blast away at each other, ignoring the nomads around them.

The nomads are swinging fire above their heads on the end of ropes, tossing them in every direction.

Boma passes his father's shop without looking. Three stormtroopers, isolated from their squads, are charged by Moaway braves. Boma stops to watch the outcome.

HOWLING braves overwhelm one of the stormtroopers, pounding his helmet with rocks or burning clubs. They rip his armor off and try to bite the pieces.

The other stormtroopers (STORMTROOPER ONE and STORMTROOPER TWO) open fire on the rest of the war party, taking a few down, but soon the braves are nearly on top of them.

Then a TIE Fighter hits the cobbled square, bursting into a thousand fiery pieces, and the Moaway forget the stormtroopers, looking back at the destruction. They laugh and raise their spears, clubs, knives, and blasters.

Then they rush into the flames around the fountain and dance in the white-hot fragments of the fallen starfighter.

Stormtrooper One gets to his feet and leans on the woodshop's overhang supports, breathing hard. After a minute he helps Stormtrooper Two up.

Destri's voice suddenly comes over Stormtrooper One's helmet radio.

DESTRI (V.O.)
This is Captain Destri. Anyone that can hear this retreat to the Hyperbaride Plant--

STORMTROOPER TWO
(backing away)
Captain Destri? You're one of--

The stormtroopers BLAST each other and fall. Boma walks on.

EXT. SARCO - SPACEPORT - NIGHT

He finds Hulda and Bre at the spaceport, pinned down behind an Assault Shuttle with several other Rebels by Imperials firing out of the hangar bay.

The Moaway are driving cargo haulers into energy cell crates at high speed, jumping off just before they impact and EXPLODE.

Skatuhl is trotting carefully towards the Assault Shuttle, taking shots at nomads with a blaster pistol in one hand and at the Imperials in the hangar bay with the proton grenade launcher in the other.

Something inside the hangar EXPLODES, and the pylon-cornered force field evaporates. The Moaway rush out of it and jump onto the backs of the Imperials, biting, bashing, and pushing them around.

Two of the nomads grab the arms of a struggling Imperial Trooper and hold his head down between two pylons. A third nomad turns the force field back on. The SCREAM is heard above everything.

Hulda spots another Assault Shuttle coming down from the night sky and moves out to guide it in.

HULDA CAULP
Skatuhl, come here and cover me!

The Barabel GROWLS in agreement and runs across the spaceport, only to be skewered by the spear of a mounted Moaway. She stands there and HISSES, blasting the head of the Eopie with her pistol. The creature buckles and falls. Skatuhl drops her proton grenade launcher and grabs the spear, lifting the nomad holding it up into the air. She raises her pistol again and blasts him off of it.

Another nomad quickly runs by and snatches up the proton grenade launcher. He points it up at the Assault Shuttle and fires. A patch of its hull EXPLODES.

Skatuhl pulls the spear out of her body and impales the nomad. He dies laughing.

The Assault Shuttle pitches backwards, spinning back to EXPLODE on the city walls, which break apart, letting another horde of HOWLING nomads into the city.

Hulda looks at the pilot of the first Assault Shuttle while firing blindly at the Maoway braves.

HULDA CAULP (CONT'D)
Go!

The Assault Shuttle rises. Hulda, Bre, and the Rebels start to run. Some are picked off by the Imperials still alive in the hangar.

A nomad clubs Hulda across the skull as the horde overtakes them. Boma sees Bre lifted onto an Eopie, screaming and shooting. Her blaster is soon knocked out of her hand.

The Maoway trample back into the flames of the marketplace. Hulda is on the ground, his leg at an odd angle.

Skatuhl leaps at one of the last of the nomads, her fangs CRUNCHING into his neck as they both fall next to Hulda and the rest of the dead Rebels. She lifts the nomad over her head and ROARS.

Boma walks over to her, his eyes glazed over.

BOMA KURO
You were supposed to retreat to the Hyperbaride Plant.

Skatuhl ignores him, throwing the nomad down and leaning down to Hulda. Endigo's voice comes over Hulda's wrist controls.

ENDIGO (V.O.)
Hulda? Bre?

BOMA KURO
(vague and unsure)
Officer Bre....

ENDIGO (V.O.)
Hulda, Mede says another Star Destroyer is on its way.

Boma walks towards the marketplace again.

EXT. SARCO - MARKETPLACE - NIGHT

The marketplace is still a battleground. The Jix Brothers are holding off a war party of Moaway with their laser cannons.

Boma waits for them to reload before he steps across their field of fire. They start shooting again.

A stormtrooper on the city wall takes off his helmet and yells down at the Whiphids.

ATONEMENT STORMTROOPER
A time and a place, huh, guys? Come on! The Empire's reinforcements are--

He has to stop to blast a nomad brave climbing up a crack in the wall.

Uca Jix looks up and GRUNTS. The Whiphids slowly fall back.

Boma sees several *Lamda*--class Imperial Shuttles swooping down towards the city. An X-Wing falls behind one and opens fire, scoring a hit on its shields, and then banking around again for the kill.

Boma spots Bre inside the collapsed shell of a tenement building. Moaway have her cornered with their spears.

Outside, nomads on Eopies motion for him to come and join the fun. He blasts one of them. The other nomad watches as his friend hits the ground and laughs.

BOMA KURO (V.O.)
I am the creator-destroyer. I am the false form. I am the joy and the dirge. My name is Boma Kuro, 327, the luminous red-feathered pariah of all dead cities to come.

The remaining Moaway brave lifts his club, shakes it, and shouts something victorious. Boma blasts him, too.

BOMA KURO (V.O. - CONT'D)
And they expect this from me.

INT. TENEMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Bre is knocked to the ground. A spear pierces her leg. A Moaway squats down next to her and pats the dust near her face. She looks up, crying, to see him holding her comlink. He talks gibberish into it and laughs.

Boma enters. He looks at Bre. The nomad holding her comlink puts it down and smashes it.

BOMA KURO
(to Bre)
Can you see me?

BRE
What?

BOMA KURO
Good enough.

Boma starts to blast the nomads one by one until they run from the tenement, howling with glee.

Boma squats down and looks at Bre, from one eye to another. He gives her the blaster.

BOMA KURO (CONT'D)
Walk.

EXT. SARCO - MARKETPLACE - NIGHT

Boma leaves the tenement. Bre follows, limping. She grabs his sleeve. The Moaway are swarming all around them.

BOMA KURO (CONT'D)
Stay close to me.

BRE
But we can't--

Suddenly every nomad in the city gives a WAR CRY louder than any before. Boma looks up.

BOMA KURO
Will you look at that?

Breaking through Utapau's atmosphere is a dead sun god falling to earth: the bright erupting remains of a Star Destroyer. When it EXPLODES the clouds themselves catch fire.

Bre shakes her head slowly.

BRE
No.

BOMA KURO
Don't worry. It is not yours. It is the other one.

BRE
H-how do you know?

BOMA KURO
You aren't the Empire.

Bre can't stop looking. Boma takes her hand. He smiles and leads her through the nomads without fear.

EXT. SARCO - GOVERNOR'S QUARTER - HYPERBARIDE PLANT - NIGHT

The last transport at the Hyperbaride Plant is the ebony YT-2100 tramp freighter. Destri and a squad of Rebel Troopers are keeping the Imperials in the spaceport at bay.

Bre sees Destri and starts running. Boma keeps walking. He looks at the landing *Lambda*-class Imperial Shuttles and starts slowing down. Bre ducks behind a cargo crate and waves for him to hurry.

BRE
Come on, Boma!

Destri hears Bre's voice and looks over.

DESTRI
Bre, get into the freighter! Now!

Boma stops and looks at all the stormtroopers unloading out into the spaceport. He starts moving towards them, as if in a dream. Bre runs over and grabs him.

BRE
Look, you can come with us.

BOMA KURO
(beat)
I...don't think this is how it's supposed to work.

A blaster bolt flies too near. Bre pulls Boma to the ground.

BRE
How what is supposed to work? What the hell are you talking about?

DESTRI
Bre!

Boma doesn't move. He starts looking around at the burning city as if he were waking up.

BRE (CONT'D)
Boma, I swear--

The stormtroopers start closing in.

DESTRI
BRE!

BRE
I swear the Admiral will never do anything like that to you again. Believe me.

DESTRI
Shen!

BRE
Believe me, Boma. I hated him once, too.

Boma looks at her. He lets her get him up.

BRE (CONT'D)
Good. We'll have to run, you know.

BOMA KURO (V.O.)
I do not feel sorry I let her escape.

Endigo comes out of the freighter's loading ramp. He looks from Destri to Bre. Bre is tugging on Boma's sleeve.

BOMA KURO (V.O. - CONT'D)
You can underline that.

Boma pulls out his knife and holds it to Bre's throat. He locks eyes with Endigo.

The stormtroopers are getting closer now.

BRE
Boma, what are you doing?

DESTRI
Damn it, Shen!

Boma runs the edge of the knife close enough to Bre's skin to draw blood.

BOMA KURO (V.O.)
I can't make any mistakes here.

ENDIGO
(slowly)
Let her go.

BOMA KURO (V.O.)
And I don't.

Boma lets Bre go. Endigo uses the Force to push him of his feet. Destri runs over and grabs Bre, dragging her to the freighter.

BRE
No, Shen! He wants you to--

Bre is pulled into the freighter. Endigo looks from her to Boma to the stormtroopers.

BOMA KURO (V.O.)
And I do not feel guilty that I saved him, either.

Boma gets up and charges Endigo, holding the knife above his head.

Endigo raises a hand and Boma flies backwards, hitting the ground. Endigo, closing his eyes, slides Boma all the way to the feet of the stormtroopers.

Endigo runs back to the freighter. It rises into the sky, stormtroopers firing at it futilely, and blasts OUT OF VIEW.

The stormtroopers look all around the city, seeing the Moaway nomads everywhere. They grab Boma by the collar and drag him back to their Shuttle as the nomads advance on them, yelling and screaming and shaking their spears.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. UTAPAU - ABOVE SARCO - NIGHT

as one Imperial Shuttle after another abandons the Imperial colony.

BOMA KURO (V.O. - CONT'D)
As the city burns, the hordes of Moawa dance and sing and throw huge bundles of reeds and scrub brush into the fire, keeping it alive for as long as they can.

EXT. SPACE - NEAR CORUSCANT

the central system of the Galactic Empire, its surface a mixture of dark brown smog and the starlit constellations of its never-ending city.

EXT. CORUSCANT - ISB HEADQUARTERS – DAY

PAN ACROSS the cityscape of Coruscant to the citadel of the Internal Security Bureau, a monolithic spire of dark stone.

BOMA KURO (V.O. - CONT'D)
And that, sirs, is my full report of the events that led to the destruction of Imperial Colony Sarco. I have tried to explain it as best as I can.

INT. CORUSCANT - ISB HEADQUARTERS – DAY

A tribunal of ISB Agents sits on a high podium overlooking a grim, high-vaulted chamber. Imperial Advisors are seated on a ring of tables spaced out in front of the tribunal.

Boma is seated at a table across from all of them. His hands are in binders, and he is in a dark gray prisoner's uniform. Two Imperial Stormtroopers stand at attention behind him.

Camera droids are floating throughout the chamber, recording everything.

Boma looks up at all the faces as if for the first time. He leans closer to the microphone in front of him.

BOMA KURO (CONT'D)
I do regret that the Regional Governor died in the massacre. As I stated, I liked him very much.

TRIBUNE ONE
Governor Reneff was dead before the Imperial reinforcements even arrived.

BOMA KURO
I know, your honor.

TRIBUNE TWO
It is believed that Mede's people were responsible for his death, not the Moaway.

BOMA KURO

Forgive my asking, but how can you be sure? I understand that the Empire abandoned Utapau the night I escaped.

TRIBUNE TWO
We did. One remote factory world is not worth the trouble it would take to protect it.

TRIBUNE ONE
From the Moaway or the Rebellion.

BOMA KURO
It was my intention to show you that Utapau was more than a remote factory world.

TRIBUNE THREE
It is my belief that you intended far more than that, Boma Kuro.

BOMA KURO
I am not sure what you mean by that, sir.

TRIBUNE THREE
Your confession, if you can call it that, seemed to me no more than an exercise in--

BOMA KURO
I don’t regard my report as a confession, either, your honor.

TRIBUNE TWO
But you do regard yourself as guilty, though.

BOMA KURO
Yes, your honor. I am guilty of many things.

TRIBUNE THREE
Do you still believe yourself to be dying, Boma Kuro?

BOMA KURO

Yes.

TRIBUNE THREE
But you stated that you did not believe in the Moaway magic. Twice. As I recall.

BOMA KURO
I don’t. But they do, your honor.
(beat)
And I think we all know what will happen to me after these proceedings are over.

TRIBUNE ONE
Yes, we do. We are ready to pass sentence, Boma Kuro.

BOMA KURO
Thank you, sir.

TRIBUNE ONE
You have been found guilty of multiple counts of high treason against the Empire. Would you like to hear them all, Boma Kuro?

BOMA KURO
Thank you, your honor, but no. I have had my say. And I have done my best to warn you. This is how it is supposed to work.

TRIBUNE ONE
Boma Kuro 327, the penalty for high treason is death by incineration, to be carried out immediately. Guards, please remove the prisoner from the chamber.

Boma Kuro is led from the room.

IRIS OUT.

THE END